wells crain

carnage™

LIMITED SERIES
1 OF 5

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ON MOST DAYS, THIS ISN'T A PARTICULARLY SPECTACULAR SCENE.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR ARMORED CAR.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR LESS-ARMORED-BUT-MORE-AGGRESSIVE CAR TRYING TO RUN THE BIG BOY OFF THE ROAD.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR HERO GIVING CHASE TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT.

THWIP

MOST DAYS, THIS STORY WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE THE NIGHTLY NEWS.

BUT I'M SORRY...

TRULY SORRY TO SAY...

THWIP

THIS *ISN'T* MOST DAYS.

MAAAWWW!

THIS IS WHERE I'D USUALLY BACK UP, RIGHT? NOT THIS TIME. THIS TIME I'M JUST GOING EAST LIKE TEN BLOCKS, TO A MEDICAL SUPPLY EXPO.

NY CONVENTION EXPO

MEDICAL SUPPLY EXPO

MY FELLOW *AVENGER* (NEVER GET USED TO THAT) *TONY STARK* INVITED ME TO ATTEND, BUT I HAD MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.

I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL ASKING WHAT *MICHAEL HALL*, A PERSONAL COMPUTER MANUFACTURER, IS DOING ON STAGE.

IT'S BECAUSE THE PROSTHETIC I'M STANDING NEXT TO IS *STATE OF THE ART*...AND FRANKLY, THAT JUST MAKES ME SAD.

THE FACT IS THIS PROSTHETIC IS STILL CONTROLLED BY SILICON CIRCUITS THAT ONLY KNOW IF THEY'RE TURNED "*ON*" OR "*OFF*." IT'S ALL BINARY. ONES AND ZEROES.

IMPULSES FROM THE BRAIN TRANSFERRED TO CIRCUITS THAT TELL THE HAND TO OPEN OR CLOSE. FINE IF I WANT TO GRAB A GLASS OF WATER, BUT WHAT IF I WANT TO PLAY A CONCERTO?

ALL THE COMPLEX CHEMICAL SIGNALS FROM MY BRAIN ARE LOST. I CAN BARELY MANAGE A WAVE TO OUR GOOD FRIEND *TONY STARK* OUT THERE.

TONY, YOU SEEM TO HAVE SOLVED A LOT OF THESE PROBLEMS. CARE TO SHARE SOME OF THAT STARK TECH WITH US?

AND THAT'S WHY WE DEVELOPED *THIS.*

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

I DIDN'T THINK SO.

A CHIP MADE WITH PROPRIETARY *CARBON-BASED* CIRCUITS THAT DON'T TRANSMIT ONES AND ZEROES...

THEY TRANSMIT *THOUGHTS.*

COLD, DIGITAL *INFORMATION* IS REPLACED WITH WARM, HUMAN *INTENTION.*

THE ORGANICS IN THE CHIP PROCESS WHATEVER I'M THINKING INTO EMOTIONAL IMPULSES.

IDENTICAL CIRCUITS IN THE PROSTHETIC TRANSLATE THE SIGNALS...IN ESSENCE, *READING MY MIND.*

HERE, LET'S TRY WAVING TO TONY AGAIN...

OOPS, MAYBE IT READ MY MIND A LITTLE *TOO* WELL...

HAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA

FUNNY...

PEPPER? TONY. I NEED YOU TO PULL PUBLIC REPORTS AND PATENT FILINGS FOR ANY COMPANY OWNED BY MICHAEL HALL--

HIS CAR NICER THAN YOURS?

NO, HE'S PLAYING OUT OF HIS LEAGUE AND I WANT TO KNOW HOW...

...AND HE GOT SOME LAUGHS AT MY EXPENSE, WHICH I DIDN'T LOVE.

EEEEEEEEEEE!

MAAAARAAW!

SCRRRREEEECH

IS THAT "OH MY GOD, THAT'S TONY STARK" SCREAMING OR "OH MY GOD, THAT'S A SUPER VILLAIN" SCREAMING?

SUPER VILLAIN.

POOR TONY. LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED HELP.

NOT GONNA SWING THROUGH THE SKY NOT ME...

GONNA EAT MY FROOT LOOT AND WATCH TEE VEE...

OKAY, SO THE "MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO" WAS A BOWL OF CEREAL AND LIKE FOUR HOURS OF MODERN MARVELS.

IN MY DEFENSE, I DON'T GET MUCH DOWN TIME BETWEEN MY SOLO WORK AND BEING A MEMBER OF THE--

AVENGERS SECURE LINK REQUESTED.

HELLO?

VOICE PRINT VERIFIED. LINK SECURED.

HOW MANY ARMS DO YOU HAVE AT THE MOMENT?

EXCUSE ME?

I'M LOOKING FOR A NUMBER BETWEEN TWO AND SIX...

TWO.

GOOD. AT LEAST THIS THING ISN'T YOU.

"THIS THING"?

MEET ME ON THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY AT SEVENTY-SECOND STREET.

NOW?

NOW.

+SIGH+

COME ON, PARKER. YOU'RE AN AVENGER.

YOU CAN DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE...

West Side Highway,
APPROACHING SEVENTY-SECOND STREET.
SCREEEE
SEDAN'S STILL ON OUR SIX! AGAIN, WE HAVE NOT LOST HOSTILE SEDAN!
IDIOTS! WE'RE NOT CARRYING ANY MONEY!
WHERE'S OUR BACK-UP?!
TWO UNITS ARE ON THEIR WAY--
WHA--
SPIDER-MAN. THANK GOD.
MAHRRR!
AAAAAAAAH!
HAILMARY FULLOF--

SCREEEEEEE

SMASH

TARGET AQUIRED. BODY LANGUAGE: PRIMITO-AGGRESSIVE. BIOSCAN: INCONCLUSIVE. POSSIBLY INORGANIC. POSSIBLY EXTRATERRESTRIAL. POSSIBLY EXTRADIMENSIONAL.

THAT NARROWS IT DOWN, THANKS.

67.348

MAARRUUU!

43.256

ATTEMPTING TRANSLATION.

TRANSLATION FAILED. LANGUAGE: AMBIGUATED ENGLISH? INCONCLUSIVE. ATTEMPT COMMUNICATION?

62.233

125.67 456.776 162.778

M.23

PUT YOUR HANDS UP. ALL OF THEM.

WARNING. DYNAMIC M.R.I. HAS DETECTED INORGANIC SPINNERETS IN UPPER FOREARMS.

SILK GLANDS HAVE BEEN STIMULATED.

THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP

MARRRRUAR!

WHA--

SNKT SNKT SNKT SNKT SNKT SNKT

ARGGH--FIRE FULL POWER AT LAST MARK!

ZZZARK

NNH!

INORGANIC WEBBING SHARPNESS MEASURED AT 0.03 MICRONS. THIS EXCEEDS ARMOR TOLERANCE BY--

GOT IT. THANKS.

SAW THAT FROM 3RD STREET.

YOU SPILL SOMETHING ON YOUR COSTUME?

I TOOK A GAMBLE AND IT DIDN'T WORK OUT...I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT--

WAS THAT REPULSOR BLAST A SIGNAL FLARE OR DID SOMEONE JUST GET THEIR FACE REARRANGED?

CHOICE B. SIX-LEGGED VERSION OF YOU. UGLY FACE. BUG-EYES.

OH, NO. TEETH?

YEAH, PRETTY BAD.

THIS ISN'T GOOD.

YOU KNOW HIM?

HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THE *MASSACRE*.

"HE WAS PART OF A CREW OF SUPER VILLAINS THAT ***CARNAGE*** LED THROUGH NEW YORK CITY, SLAUGHTERING AS MANY CIVILIANS AS THEY COULD."

THE WORST PART IS THE MADNESS *SPREAD*. EVERYDAY PEOPLE STARTED RIOTING... MURDERING.

IT WAS *MAYHEM*.

HOPEFULLY WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, THOUGH. IT WASN'T *THE DOPPELGANGER'S* POWERS THAT AFFECTED THE MOB, IT WAS--

RIP THEM APART!!

BATHE IN BLOOD!

THERE'S AN ANGRY MOB BEHIND ME, ISN'T THERE?

DIE!!!

AFFIRMATIVE.

GUH... STOP...

STOP THE TRUCK...

THE DRIVER OF THE SEDAN IS OUT OF THE VEHICLE...

WHO CARES?! WE'VE GOT A BLOODTHIRSTY MOB SURROUNDING US!

THEY'RE BLOCKING US ILLEGALLY! JUST DRIVE!

THERE'RE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OUT THERE, MAN!

...YOU HAVE TO MAKE THEM STOP...

P-PLEASE... YOU HAVE TO STOP THAT TRUCK...

MARVAR

MARVAR

THE CROWD'S NOT THINKING STRAIGHT, TONY... PUSH THEM BACK BUT BE GENTLE.

GOT IT. RECALIBRATING REPULSORS FOR MINIMAL TRAUMA.

OH YEAH, YEAH... I'M RECALIBRATING MY WEB-SHOOTERS FOR, UH...MINIMAL...

HALT!

THWAP

THWAP

YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH THE TRANSPORTATION OF TRADE SECRETS.

DISPERSE OR BE CONTAINED.

IS THAT YOUR TECH?

NO...

YOU HEARD ME TELL THEM TO DISPERSE, RIGHT, ROYAL BLUE?

I DID, FIREBRICK.

THEY'RE NOT DISPERSING.

I KNOW. THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT.

EXPANDING BIOMASS...

SLURP

FOCUSING...

SPLORCH

OH, YEAH! THAT JUST HAPPENED!

TOO SLOW...

WHAT THE--?

SCREEEE

MOTHTAR!

...MOTTAR... MOTHTAR...

OH, GOD...

NON-HUMAN ORGANISM DETECTED. LETHAL FORCE AUTHORIZED.

STO--

AGGH!

ZZZTARK

NO!

DAMMIT.

Y-YOU SAW HER...I-I WAS AUTHORIZED...

SHUT UP, YOU DAMN IDIOT!

AMBULANCE LOCATED. FIVE HUNDRED METERS SOUTHEAST.

SLAM-HACK AND REROUTE.

WH-WHAT ARE WE DOING...?

MIND CONTROL. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

TH-THE TRUCK...I WOULD HAVE KILLED TO GET TO THAT TRUCK.

MOOTHAK

SOAK

WHAT THE HELL WAS IN THAT TRUCK?

FRANCES LOUISE BARRISON. ALIAS: SANDRA DEEL.

ALIAS: SHRIEK.

THE EGGHEADS SAID YOU'D BE TOO WHACKED OUT TO USE YOUR POWERS... MAKE EVERYONE GO CRAZY.

GOOD THING WE'VE ALL HAD OUR SHOTS.

SHE GONNA BEHAVE?

DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE. SHE CAN PUT OUT HER NASTY VIBES AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS...

THAT'S WHAT WE GOT HER FOR. GUESS THE BIOLOGICAL PAYLOAD NEEDS MORE THAN FOOD TO SURVIVE. IT'S GOT A TASTE FOR FEAR AND LOATHING.

SHE SHOULD MAKE IT FEEL RIGHT AT HOME...

YEAH, WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY? AREN'T YOU AND THIS THING OLD FRIENDS?

WHY SO SCARED?

CARNAGE PART ONE

ZEB WELLS
WRITER

CLAYTON CRAIN
ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

ALEJANDRO ARBONA
ASSISTANT EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

You just read *Carnage #1*. It is a book with Carnage—a murderous, parasitic symbiote from another planet. It also stars Spider-Man and Iron Man (who you will recognize from movies) and a *lot* of violence (which you will also know from movies.)

The writing is by Zeb Wells and the art is by Clayton Crain…neither of whom is terribly violent and neither of whom have been in a movie.

Carnage will come out every two months, but you will wish it came out more often. The fact that it cannot may lead you to violence. Please restrain yourselves.

This is the cover to the next issue. Commence yearning.

-The Management

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